And thankes, and now let vs towardes London,
To see our gentle Queene how she doth fare,
For by this (I hope) she hath a Sonne for vs.

*Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Glo*ter to King Henrie in the Tower.*

*Glo.* Good day my Lord. What at your Booke so hard?
*Hen.* I my good Lord. Lord I should say, rather;
'Tis sinne to flatter, good was little better,
Good *Glo*ter*, and good Diuell, were all alike.
What scene of Death hath *Rosius* now to act?
*Glo.* Suspition alwayes hauntes a guiltie minde.
*Hen.* The birde once limde, doth feare the fatall bush,
And I the hapleſſe maile to one poore birde,
Haue now the fatall obiect in mine eye,
Where my poore young was limde, was caught and kilde.
*Glo.* Why what a foole was that of *Creete?*
That taught his sonne the office of a Birde,
And yet for all that, the poore Fowle was drowne.
*Hen.* I *Dedalus*, my poore sonne *Icarus*,
Thy father *Minos*, that denide our course,
Thy brother *Edward*, the Sunne that fearde his winges,
And thou the enuious Gulfe that swallowed him.
Oh better can my breſt abide thy daggers poynt,
Then can mine eares that tragike historie.
*Glo.* Why, dost thou thinke I am an executioner?
*Hen.* A persecuter I am sure thou art:
And if murdering Innocentes be executions,
Then I know thou art an executioner.
*Glo.* Thy sonne I kilde for his presumption.
*Hen.* Hadst thou bin kilde when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not liude to kill a sonne of mine:
And thus I prophesie of thee;
That many a Widdow for her Husbands death,
And many an Infants water standing eye,
Widdowes for their husbandes, children for their fathers,
Shall curse the time that euer thou wert borne.
The Owle shrike at thy birth; an euill signe,





The night-Crow cri
Dogges houlde, and
The Rauen rookt he
And chatrering Pies
Thy mother felt mor
And yet brought foo
To wit, an vndigeſt
Not like the fruite of
Teeth hadſt thou in t
To signifie thou cam
And if the reſt be true
Thou camſt into the
*Glo.* Die Prophet i
For this, amongſt the
*Hen.* I and for muc
O God forgiue my si
*Glo.* What? will th
Sinke into the grounc
See how my sword w
Now may such purpl
For such as seeke the
If any sparke of life re

Downe, downe to hel
I that haue neither pit
Indeed twas true that
For I haue often heard
That I came into the w
And had I not reason
And seeke their ruines
The women wept, an
O Ieſus bleſſe vs, he is
And so I was indeed:
That I should snarle a
Then since Heauen h
Let Hell make crookt
I had no father; I am li
I haue no brother; I an